THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE;

OR

Weekly Intelligence

IN THE CIVIL, NATURAL, MORAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS WORLDS.

CALCULATED PARTICULARLY FOR THE PERUSAL OF THE YOUNG, AND THOSE OF RETIRED HABITS OF LIFE.

PUBLISHED INDEPENDENTLY OF ANY INTERESTED PARTY ATTACHMENT, AND WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE PRINCIPLES OF TRUTH AND PURITY.

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FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

To the Editors,

I have for some time been a reader of your publication. I am pleased with your prudent care in canvassing the essays sent you for insertion, as well as your taste in selecting.—You have my sympathy in the arduous task—arduous, I conceive it to be, where so many readers of different tastes and inclinations, require to be pleased. In reading some of the critical essays contained in your useful miscellany—the fable of the man, his two sons and their ass, has often occurred—that is the impracticability of pleasing every one. I wish the Evening Fire-side may be encouraged, and that the social circle may study to improve and inform one another without acrimony. The paper sometimes has carried the marks of unprofitable contention. This is not pleasant to the lovers of peace and quietness—nor need we marvel if such leave the room where the company is vociferous. Perhaps the hint may be taken. I have not forgot the original design of your Fire-side—and which, although we are reminded of it *every week*, I apprehend is as seldom noticed as "those things which daily recur without raising any emotion," I mean—"calculated *particularly* for those of retired habits of life." Now, minds that love retirement, do not love noise or disturbance—but are often benefited by stilness, serious thoughtfulness and instructive conversation. Your paper has variety for their entertainment, but I apprehend less of the *serious* in proportion to the whole, than comports with the original design. But this is perhaps owing to a want of contributions from the votaries of retirement. May they be invited to the Fire-side.

On viewing your last number, I was pleased with your return of civility "to correspondents," which for some weeks past I have in vain looked for. Writers for periodical publications generally feel some anxiety about their success, or that of their neighbours; and even if they fail of a place, or are consigned to what you call the "pigeon-hole," more satisfaction attends the certain knowledge of their lot, than to remain in anxious suspence. The latter has been the situation of my friend IOTA, who some weeks since forwarded a little adventure to the letter-box, which has not appeared. He would rather go even to the "pigeon-hole," until his feathers grow, than to be trampled in the streets, and perhaps be torn by swine. However, he intends to take courage, in hope, and again use his feeble efforts to contribute his "mite" to your valuable "treasury," not envying the "rich" who "cast in much."—This disposition I wish to encourage in him, and others who by their own estimate are "poor," and would have them remember that "a man is accepted according to what he hath, and not according to what he hath not."

I would recommend a little more attention to the orthography and punctuation. A neat decent dress, has some recommendation in it, that procures admiration, if not respectability.

EMENTUS.

12*th mo.* 13, 1805.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

DUELLING.

Intemperate rage of noble bloods, to make
  Themselves a grave;
What busy fiend instill'd the dire mistake,
  That not to save
But to destroy the fairest work of heaven,
This valour breathing heart was given;

And these unspotted hands design'd,
  While nature shudders at the guilty strife,
To wreak the vengeance of an angry mind,
  And bathe their whiteness in a brother's life.
Call it not honour; 'twere a crime to tell
So fair a saint should ape the deeds of hell.

Firmness was planted on the brow of man
  For nobler ends—
And the wide world's ill-judging plaudits can
  But poor amends
For talents misapplied—if only just
To hot revenge, or spurn'd by lust,

Under false glories vain pretence,
  We idly throw our better hopes aside,
And make our courage pander to our sense,
  Borne on the waves of unrelenting pride.
We slight the laws of nature and of God,
For our own souls to arm the future rod.

Bow down fond heart, and thou my reason bow
  At Beauty's shrine:
Make thy liege mistress, by a solemn vow,
  Almost divine—
Strain every faculty to work her will,
But let the bloody sword be still;

For self-defended virtue stands,
  Tho' dangers frown, or thrilling joys entice;
And not the efforts of ten thousand hands
  Can picture goodness on the brow of vice.
Weak in herself she shrinks from virtue's light,
As from the orient morn the shades of night.

C.

6th Month, 1804.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

"Forsake the foolish and live, and go in the way of understanding."

This precept was delivered by one, who, no doubt, was well acquainted with human nature, and the pernicious consequences of associating with bad company. The improper tendency of "evil communications," is sufficiently evinced in the effects, which they produce, by corrupting good morals. It is a maxim equally ancient and well established, that, the connexions which we form, and the intimacies we contract, reflect like *speculums* our characters to the world. This, then, is one important reason why we should avoid the society of the loose and dissolute, and endeavour to establish ourselves in what is morally good. We naturally imbibe the habits, the sentiments, and the manners of our associates, however different ours may have been

originally formed by nature, or by education. This is another strong inducement for us to "forsake the foolish, and go in the way of understanding"—to avoid the contaminating influence of the vicious, and to frequent the circles of those who are worthy of our esteem and imitation. Since our characters are thus dependent on those with whom we are familiar, we ought to be very cautious in the choice of our intimates, to select those who have been carefully educated, of good dispositions and unblemished characters. "Select for your companions," says a certain wise author, "those who are men of good sense and "understanding; and if possible, who "excel in some art, science, or accomplishment, that so in the course of "your acquaintance, your very hours of "amusement may contribute to your improvement. By this means you will "become happy in yourself and a useful "member of society."

THE LACONIC PREACHER.

For the Evening Fire-side.

THE SHORTEST DAY MORALIZED.

The shortest day, its narrow span,
Resembles the short life of man!
The sun appears, 'tis noon and night,
Darkness ensues the transient light:
Old time is hastening on his way,
With equal speed the shortest day;
And life is but a glimpse in haste,
Taken at random, and soon past.
In retrospect e'en fourscore years,
But like a span of time appears;
In which the bud of man arose,
The leaves of Fancy to disclose:
His judgment to renne his plan,
T' assume the character of Man;
His blushing honours and his fruit,
The frost of age then nips his root;
And all the blossoms of his day
Are quickly o'er, and pass'd away.
Like the short seasons of the year,
The stages of his life appear:
'Tis Spring—the seeds of life arise,
And with variety surprize;
The plants of cultivation grow,
And weeds unnumber'd overflow;
The soft'ning showers array the fields,
With all that bounteous nature yields;
And Summer, with its fervid heat,
Succeeds the purpose to compleat:
Then sober Autumn ripening fast,
Kindly matures the seasons past;
But what avails the sunshine time,
The year is fast on the decline;
From life and beauty, green and gay,
To death and nature's disarray.
Cold Winter comes to close the scene,
And change the prospects that have been:
Thus man's short life advances on,
'Tis finish'd e'er 'tis well begun.
Warm in his youth his fancy glows,
With all that hope in prospect shews;
With zeal he labours through his life,
For ever with himself at strife:
Finds this with that but ill agrees,
A train of inconsistencies;
Resolves and re-resolves again,
T' amend the errors of his plan:
Thus wisdom is procrastinated,
And all his best designs defeated!
Old age arrives and he looks back,
And views amaz'd his devious track:
Admires the shortness of his race,
And what poor trifles fill the space!
What now avails the flattering views,
That man in vanity pursues!
Blossoms that bear unpleasant fruit,
Since life's decaying at the root;
The evening of so short a day
Is spending fast, and soon away.
If the vain pilgrimage he's past,
Must end in sorrow at the last.

Therefore, let Wisdom be pursu'd,
In this frail life the greatest good:—
Seek Wisdom early, and regard
That peace which is its own reward.

If all mankind go the wrong way,
Go not with multitudes astray;
And let not Custom recommend
An act that Truth cannot defend:
Let conscience regulate thy ways,
In all thou do'st throughout thy days;
Redeem the time with good employ,
And every moment thus enjoy.
Then, tho' the evening shades prevail,
Thy source of comfort shall not fail:
Tho' life be short, yet like the sun,
In the short day thy course be run,
And happily thy business done.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

Amidst the very considerable emigration to the western country the present season from the Atlantic states; nothing more singular or extraordinary, perhaps has lately happened than what has been exhibited in West Jersey and the state of Pennsylvania. A poor man, having determined upon emigrating to the Ohio with his family, and being unable to fit out with a waggon, as is common, was not however discouraged from attempting a removal some how. He accordingly set out a few days since, and has been seen with his wife, a female, and two small children, destined to Ohio, having no other vehicle of removal than a *wheel-barrow*. His appearance in Woodbury upon some public day called forth the sympathy of the bystanders, who beheld him toiling along, and immediately collected for him a handful of small silver. His wife walks, and one of the children rides till the other is tired of walking, which then takes a seat to ride in its turn. He had a bed, and other accommodations, and having collected tributes of curiosity and sympathy from the inhabitants of Philadelphia, and the vicinity, has since been seen like another Sisyphus, rolling his wheel-barrow up the mountains. This exceeds the dexterity of the New-Englanders; who have frequently been seen removing with a large family, emigrating with their beds, wives and children, riding upon *cows*. These they would ride by day, and milk by night, and thus they would somehow, and in a manner not the most uncomfortable, reach a distance of several hundred miles.

The state of Ohio, appears to be rapidly settling; and to a philanthropic mind, affords a pleasing prospect, as presenting a vast asylum for the poor; as indeed does the whole of the Western country. But no part of it combines so many advantages, perhaps, or is settling with fairer auspices, than the state of Ohio. Slavery is precluded; the population is mostly from the north, and habits of labour, and the concomitant virtues are prevalent. As the improvement and consequent excellence of a country depend upon the industry and virtue of the people, these are circumstances of great moment, and if continued, must ultimately make the people opulent, and the country fine. No greater misfortune can befal a people, than the general adoption of the maxim, that "to labour with one's hands is dishonourable." Ohio lies directly west of Pennsylvania, is about the same size, has been settled under similar auspices, and bids fair, in time, to rival it, for population, manners, opulence and respectability.

U.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

An Elegy on the Death of Wm. Cowper.

And is the spirit of the Poet fled?
Yes—from its earthly tenement 'tis flown;
And Death at length has added to the dead,
The sweetest minstrel that the world has known.

Untainted with the blandishments of vice,
Which mark the manners of the present age,
He sought and found the pearl of precious price,
Which stands recorded in the sacred page.

Yet, spite of all that wisdom could impart,
And all the fervour of religious flame;
Grief pour'd a tide of anguish through his heart,
And shook the fabric of the mental frame.

Too nice, too great, his sympathy of soul,
For oh! his feelings were so well refin'd,
That sense became impatient of controul,
And madness seiz'd the empire of his mind.

But when reflection threw her eagle eye
Athwart the gloom of unpropitious fate;
Faith op'd a splendid vista to the sky,
And gave an earnest of a happier state.

To see, while sceptics to the effects of chance,
Ascribe creation's ever varying form;
To see, distinctly at the first slite glance,
Who wings the lightning, and who drives the storm.

To brush the cobweb follies from the great,
  Which art with all his sophistry has spread;
Uphold the honours of a sinking state,
  And bid religion raise her drooping head;

Such were the duties of th' enraptur'd bard,
  In such, his lucid intervals he pass'd;
And finding *virtue* was her own reward,
  Woo'd and rever'd the vestal to the last.

Know then, tho' death has added to his list
  As sweet a bard as ever swept the lyre;
In death's despite his memory shall exist,
  In numbers pregnant with celestial fire.

Yes—Cowper! with thy own expressive lays,
  Lays which have haply many a mind illum'd,
Thy name shall triumph o'er the lapse of days,
  And only perish when the world's consum'd.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

TOBACCO.

Among the many pernicious customs which prevail among mankind, there is none perhaps more absurd and ridiculous than that of the immoderate use of Tobacco. Experience teaches us that it is a practice that involves in its consequences many destructive evils. Besides an unprofitable waste of time, it is in many instances highly unfavourable to health, as may be evinced from the highest medical authority, by impairing the appetite, promoting indigestion through the waste of *saliva*, in chewing or smoking, and producing many nervous diseases, such as *tremors* in the hands, *head-ache*, *epilepsy*, &c. Chewing and smoking, are not only indecent practices, but they are destructive to the teeth, foul the mouth, and consequently, render the breath extremely disagreeable and offensive. The use of snuff frequently injures the voice, by obstructing the nose, and sometimes impairs the memory.—Sir John Pringle, President of the Royal Society of London, lost the powers of recollection through the excessive use of snuff; but by following the advice of Doctor Franklin to desist from the practice, he again recovered this faculty, though at a very advanced age. The advocates for the use of this nauseous weed among other things in its favour, assert that it is a good preventive against contageous diseases. But this is a vulgar error, and is contradicted by innumerable facts. The celebrated Philanthropist John Howard in his tour through Europe for the purpose of visiting the public prisons in his laudable endeavours to alleviate the burden of human misery; proved that tobacco had no power in checking the contagion of the Plague or other contageous diseases; and experience in this country has amply ascertained that it is equally ineffectual against the Yellow Fever.

JOE CRIB.

Old Sod, Dec. 12.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

—" Too long I set at nought
The swarm of friendly warnings which around me flew:—
And smil'd unsmitten:—small my cause to smile."
YOUNG.

This day I received intelligence that a neighbour was to be interred, who a day or two since went to market—having left home in apparent perfect health; but while in town, felt a little sick, and concluded to lie down in his waggon. He did so, and expired in a few minutes!—Sudden transition! Awful change! Reader, fancy thyself to be in his situation, as hastily called from works to rewards. How wouldst thou appear?—Thou art as much "a tenant at will," as the object now contemplated. Thou art as liable to be *suddenly* called from this transitory scene. Then, let this be a solemn warning, not to be "set at nought." The subject is serious, is awful, well deserving our attention. It loudly calls upon us, "Be ye also ready, for at an hour when ye think not, the messenger cometh." Permit me to call upon you, to intreat you, by every motive that effects your nearest interests and eternal welfare to ponder—to reflect deeply on the uncertain tenure of all earthly enjoyments, and the awful importance of so living as to have our accounts in readiness for the final settlement, for as surely as we exist, so certainly the day will come—perhaps soon and sudden.—Let us be warned, and admonished timely.—Suffer the instances of sudden mortality to "smite" deeply—for indeed "small is our cause to smile"—when we consider that life hangs by a slender thread—easily rent asunder—subject to innumerable accidents and dangers.

—" The spider's most attenuated thread
" Is cord, is cable, to man's tender tie
" On earthly bliss;—it breaks at every breeze."

IOTA.

12*th mo.* 6*th*, 1805.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

RETROSPECTION.

As day after day passes away in swift and silent succession, to return no more,—it is good for us to know how we employ the precious moments, thus in mercy meted out to us;—it is good for us, poor, dependent, finite creatures, often to retrospect our past lives,—to turn over the leaves of past experience, and examine how our accounts stand,—in order that we may be stimulated in the pursuit of substantial treasure, in the improvement of those "talents," committed to our trust—that so we may become rightly prepared for our final settlement, and entitled, through the mediation of our Lord and Saviour, to the reward of "faithful servants."

Great, indeed, is the need of watchfulness, with a strict examination, and impartial inquiry into the state of our minds from day to day;—so prone are we to "mingle with the dross of earth;" so inclined to dwell at ease, and rest in a kind of belief that we are doing pretty well, that we are not going backward, and are at least as good as our neighbours.—But ah! the need of being "emptied from vessel to vessel," of often descending to the washing pool, and frequently returning to the closet, to experience the holy fire to be always burning on the altar of our hearts. Labour after it more and more. O thou being formed for endless duration, for know assuredly that a time is coming wherein thy foundation will be tried. Endeavour to dwell in humility at all times, and to know thy mind, girt about with watchful circumspection—so shalt thou find safety and preservation, and enjoy many advantages thereby, of which the superficial and unwary mind is deprived.

IOTA.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

"Let them teach others who themselves excel,
And censure freely who have written well."

But how *well* our OBSERVER has written, judge ye by the errors which he has reminded us of. I would thank him to give his reason for the proposed amendments. As I do not conceive it would do for me to change my signature because *he* says it is erroneous, any more than to alter my plan of husbandry, because another may say it is wrong; unless he adduces a cogent reason for making a change which carries a much greater demonstration with it than the bare assertions of OBSERVER. JACK SAILOR may answer for himself, but I do not judge it necessary knowledge to the public, whether he has been to sea or not, in order to entitle him to his signature.

AGRICOLUS.

12*th mo.* 10, 1805.

SELECTED FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

From the Balance.

AMERICAN CAPTIVES IN TRIPOLI.

Extracts from the journal of Dr. Cowdery, kept during his captivity in Tripoli.

[CONTINUED.]

September 2.—At about 4 P. M. our squadron commenced another attack on the town, in which eight of our gun-boats drove sixteen Tripolitan gun-boats under the battery on the east side of the harbor; while the commodore bore down and gave the batteries at the West end of the town, several broadsides.—Many of his shot came into the town and castle. Two bomb-ketches were employed in heaving shells into the town, which did considerable damage to several houses, and entirely destroyed the house of the Spanish carpenter, the Bashaw's naval constructor. I observed the utmost confusion and random firing among the Tripolitans. It appeared they were almost out of powder. Two of their guns bursted, one of which was an eighteen pounder of the late Philadelphia frigate. The men, women and children ran out of the town in the utmost terror and distraction.

September 3.—Had been to see the prince in the country, and was returning about 10 o'clock in the evening, with the Bashaw and suit, when we saw a most extraordinary light or flash and heard a heavy report. We all wheeled about, and made for the place we had left; but the Bashaw soon altered his mind, and proceeded to town, while I went to the country palace and staid all night. The explosion was a fire-ship, sent into the harbor by commodore Preble, which did but little damage.

September 5.—The Turks found ten dead men near the place where the vessel blew up on the evening of the 3d inst. The Bashaw and his people had a thanksgiving to Mahomet on the occasion.—Their ceremony was a prayer in a doleful tone, and singing, accompanied with the sound of an instrument made by drawing a skin over a hoop.

September 6.—More men were found, three of which appeared to be officers. By permission, I took our boatswain and a gang of our men, and buried these bodies a little east of the wall of the town. All that I saw, who appeared to have been killed in the explosion, amounted to fourteen. The Bashaw's son-in-law told me that six more had been found drifted on the western shore; but I could not ascertain the truth of it.

September 7.—John M'Donah died of a consumption with which he had long been ill.

September 9.—The Bashaw took me with him and his suit to his country-seat where we spent most of the day. About 5 o'clock P. M. we went to see the great *Marabewt* (or Mahometan priest) in whom the Bashaw had great faith, and thought he could foretell events. It was said by the Turks that he foretold the stranding and capture of the Philadelphia; and that he got offended with the Bashaw and caused and foretold her being burnt. But I had heard nothing of these mysteries until a little previous to this. He now said that the commodore's ship, the Constitution, would never return to America—that she would either be blown up or run on shore: and that the Bashaw would have success in his warfare with America. It appeared that this great prophet was a sojourner; and that he only came to Tripoli when the Bashaw was in want of a prophet. He was encamped on the Sandy desart, at a tomb of an ancient *Marabewt*. The tomb had a house over it, with several rooms, and was encircled with several green trees. It was about two miles back of the gardens. We found this great *Marabewt* standing on a large mat, which was spread on the sand under the shade of a large mulberry-tree. About thirty of his attendants stood back of him, paraded in form of a crescent. I was ordered to pull off my hat; and we all approached him from the west, the Bashaw, with some of his most trusty attendants in front. When we came near him we all dismounted. The Bashaw ran to him—kneeled before him—and kissed his hand. The Mamelukes followed his example. The *Marabewt* then sat down, and was followed by the Bashaw and his suit, forming a circle on the mat. During this time, I stood by my mule, about five rods from the scene, with my hat in my hand. I was soon called and ordered by the Bashaw to take off my shoes and feel the *Marabewt's* pulse. I left my shoes at the edge of the mat, or holy ground, and stepped on. I laid my hat on the edge of the mat in preference to laying it on the sand; but it was immediately taken off. I was then ordered to approach his holiness and kiss his hand. I felt his pulse; but before I had time to prescribe for him, he put his hand against me, and gave me to understand that I must go off the holy ground. I immediately stepped off—put on my shoes, took my hat, and went to my mule. The Bashaw called me back, and asked what I would do for the *Marabewt*. I recommended bleeding; but the *Marabewt* shook his head and gave me to understand that he wanted nothing of the *kelp (the Dog.)* I was then told to withdraw, which I did, and took a walk round the tomb, which I found to be very ancient. The Bashaw spent about half an hour with the *Marabewt*, when he kissed his hand; and we all returned to the country palace. The Bashaw apologized for the impoliteness of *Marabewt*, and said that they had a foolish antipathy to all but Mahometans.

October 22.—None of our cruizers were to be seen from the top of the castle. The Tripolitan gun-boats were disarmed, and the Bashaw's gunners were employed in drawing the charges from the cannon on the battery. Many of the guns now stood in the sand, as they did when commodore Preble first attacked the town. On being fired two or three times, they recoiled into the sand so deep that they could not be worked, and were abandoned. The Bashaw told me, that if he had three frigates, he would blockade America. He said he could do it as easily as a frigate and schooner could blockade Tripoli!

October 26.—A great scarcity of grain. Our crew had no bread for three days. The Bashaw gave orders to all the market people, not to sell grain to any body but his house-hold. There was no bread to be had for money. A dispute took place between the Bashaw and the renegado Lysle, about the purchasing of some barley. Lysle was considerably intoxicated, and insisted on his right to purchase grain in the market. The Bashaw was highly affronted, and flew at him with all his might, struck him, and ordered his Mamelukes to disarm him and put him in prison, which they strove to obey, and carried him off. The Bashaw, however, soon ordered him released, and then ordered his servant who was supposed to be the cause of the quarrel, bastinadoed with five hundred blows, which was immediately put into execution.

November 9.—The Bashaw had an epileptic fit; and his people thought he was possessed with the Devil. They performed many ceremonies to cast him

out, which they said succeeded. The Turks said they saw many ghosts the night before; and that a *Marabewt* drove the devil out of the Bashaw.

December 6.—Our men suffer for the want of provisions. The Bashaw does not allow them either victuals or cash.—They get but a small allowance of bread, and that on the credit of their own country. They are beat unmercifully and compelled to work hard every day.

December 7.—I was informed, that, through the influence of many Turks, the Bashaw had given orders to Sarcy, our master, to treat the American prisoners with the utmost severity, in order to induce the United States the sooner to make peace. He was impatient for his money.

December 10.—Our men all agreed not to work unless they were fed; and accordingly when the wardens went to the prison and ordered them out, they all refused. The wardens whipped them until they were tired, and then went away to inform the Bashaw, who immediately ordered them bread and oil, and they went to work.

December 21.—At evening, the Bey, the eldest son to the Bashaw, was married to his first cousin, eldest daughter to the Bashaw who was driven out of Tripoli by the present Bashaw. The bride was said to be very handsome, and but twelve years old.

Our boatswain, carpenter, sail maker, and first master's mate, who had the liberty of the town for a few months, were put in close confinement with our other officers, on suspicion of attempting to raise the crew to take the town.

December 25.—The Bashaw's son-in-law, Selim, who had charge of the stores, was detected in selling a quantity of cordage to a Tunissian merchant. The Bashaw ordered him five hundred bastinadoes; but Selim fled to a *Marabewt* for protection, and escaped punishment.

January 24.—Renegado Wilson, who pretended to be a great engineer, was ordered by the Bashaw to fire hot shot at a mark, but succeeded indifferently. The Bashaw, however, was highly pleased, gave Wilson eight dollars, and promised to reward him in proportion to his exertions in his future warfare. Wilson engaged to teach the Turks how to throw bombs, hot shot, and hand grenades; and to alter and improve the fortifications, &c.

January 25.—The Bashaw sent me to visit the wife of Alla Mameluke. She was once a wife or concubine to the Bashaw, who gave her as a wife to his favourite. She was sister to a wife of the Emperor of Morocco—about eighteen, and very handsome. She was in child bed travail, attended by a number of Jewish women. She was delivered of a son, her fist child, to the great joy of all the Turks in the castle, male and female. It was proclaimed by a loud yelling with clapping the hand to and from the mouth, by the women of the castle.

January 28.—The Bashaw was informed by Wilson, the renegado, that our crew were all armed, and about to rise upon the town. Search was made, and the report found to be false. But the Bashaw was much intimidated, and an additional guard was placed over us.

(To be continued.)

PIOUS FRIENDSHIP.

How blest the sacred tie, that binds
In union sweet, according minds!
How swift the heavenly course they run
Whose hearts, who faith, whose hopes are *one!*

To each, the soul of each how dear!
What jealous love! what holy fear!
How does the generous flame within
Refine from earth, and cleanse from sin!
Their streaming tears together flow,
For human guilt, for human woe!
Their ardent prayers together rise,
Like mingling flames in sacrifice.

Together both, they seek the place
Where God reveals his *awful face!*
How high, how strong their raptures dwell,
There's none but *kindred souls* can tell!
Nor shall the glowing flame expire!
When nature drops her sick'ning fire,
Then shall they meet in realms above,
A heaven of *joy*, because of *love*.

BARBAULD.

Study, Composition, and Converse, equally necessary to intellectual accomplishment.

The youth, who hopes th' Olympic prize to gain,
All arts must try, and every toil sustain.

FRANCIS.

It is observed by Bacon, that "reading makes a full man, conversation a ready man, and writing an exact man."

As Bacon attained to degrees of knowledge scarcely ever reached by any other man, the directions which he gives for study have certainly a just claim to our regard; for who can teach an art with so great authority, as he that has practised it with undisputed success?

Under the protection of so great a name, I shall, therefore, venture to inculcate to my ingenious contemporaries, the necessity of reading, the fitness of consulting other understandings than their own, and of considering the sentiments and opinions of those who, however neglected in the present age, had in their own times, and many of them a long time afterwards, such reputation for knowledge and acuteness, as will scarcely ever be attained by those that despise them.

An opinion has of late bee I know not how, propagated among us, that libraries are filled only with useless lumber; that men of parts stand in need of no assistance; and that to spend life in poring upon books, is only to imbibe prejudices, to obstruct and embarrass the powers of nature, to cultivate memory at the expence of judgment, and to bury reason under a chaos of indigested learning.

Such is the talk of many who think themselves wise, and of some who are thought wise by others; of whom part probably believe their own tenets, and part may be justly suspected of endeavouring to shelter their ignorance in multitudes, and of wishing to destroy that reputation which they have no hopes to share. It will, I believe, be found invariably true, that learning was never decried by any learned man; and what credit can be given to those, who venture to condemn that which they do not know?

If reason has the power ascribed to it by its advocates, if so much is to be discovered by attention and meditation, it is hard to believe, that so many millions, equally participating of the bounties of nature with ourselves, have been for ages upon ages meditating in vain: if the wits of the pretent time expect the regard of posterity, which will then inherit the reason which is now thought superior to instruction, surely, they may allow themselves to be instructed by the reason of former generations. When, therefore, an author declares, that he has been able to learn nothing from the writings of his predecessors, and such a declaration has been lately made, nothing but a degree of arrogance unpardonable in the greatest human understanding, can hinder him from perceiving that he is raising prejudices against his own performance; for with what hopes of success can he attempt that in which greater abilities have hitherto miscarried? or with what peculiar force does he suppose himself invigorated, that difficulties hitherto invincible should give way before him?

Of those whom Providence has qualified to make any additions to human knowledge, the number is extremely small; and what can be added by each single mind, even of this superior class, is very little: the greatest part of mankind must owe all their knowledge, and all must owe far the larger part of it, to the information of others. To understand the works of celebrated authors, to comprehend their systems, and retain their reasonings, is a task more than equal to common intellects; and he is by no means to be accounted useless or idle, who has stored his mind with acquired knowledge, and can detail it occasionally to others who have less leisure or weaker abilities.

Persius has justly observed, that knowledge is nothing to him who is not known by others to possess it: to the scholar himself it is nothing with respect either to honour or advantage, for the world cannot reward those qualities which were concealed from it; with respect to others it is nothing, because it affords no help to ignorance or error.

It is with justice, therefore, that in an accomplished character, Horace unites just sentiments with the power of expressing them; and he that has once accumulated learning, is next to consider, how he shall most widely diffuse and most agreeably impart it.

A ready man is made by conversation. He that buries himself among his manuscripts "besprent," as Pope expresses it, "with learned dust," and wears out his days and nights in perpetual research and solitary meditation, is too apt to lose in his elocution what he adds to his wisdom; and when he comes into the world, to appear overloaded with his own notions, like a man armed with weapons which he cannot wield. He has no facility of inculcating his speculations, of adapting himself to the various degrees of intellect which the accidents of conversation will present; but will talk to most, unintelligibly, and to all, unpleasantly.

I was once present at the lectures of a profound philosopher, a man really skilled in the science which he professed, who having occasion to explain the terms Opacum and Pelucidum, told us, after some hesitation, that Opacum was, as one might say, Opake, and that Pelucidum signified Pelucid. Such was the dexterity with which this learned reader facilitated to his auditors the intricacies of science; and so true is it that a man may know what he cannot teach.

Boerhaave complains, that the writers who have treated of chemistry before him, are useless to the greater part of students, because they pre-suppose their readers to have such degrees of skill as are not often to be found. Into the same error are all men apt to fall, who have familiarized any subject to themselves in solitude: they discourse, as if they thought every other man had been employed in the same inquiries; and expect that short hints and obscure allusions will produce in others, the same train of ideas which they excite in themselves.

Nor is this the only inconvenience which the man of study suffers from a recluse life. When he meets with an opinion that pleases him, he catches it up with eagerness; looks only after such arguments as tend to his confirmation; or spares himself the trouble of discussion, and adopts it with very little proof: indulges it long without suspicion, and in time unites it to the general body of his knowledge, and treasures it up among incontestible truths: but when he comes into the world among men who, arguing upon dissimilar principles, have been led to different conclusions, and being placed in various situations, view the same object on many sides; he finds his darling position attacked, and himself in no condition to defend it: having thought always in one train, he is in the state of a man who having fenced always with the same master, is perplexed and amazed by a new posture of his antagonist; he is entangled in unexpected difficulties, he is harrassed by sudden objections, he is unprovided with solutions and replies, his surprise impedes his natural powers of reasoning, his thoughts are scattered and confounded, and he gratifies the pride of airy petulance with an easy victory.

It is difficult to imagine, with what obstinacy truths which one mind perceives almost by intuition, will be rejected by another; and how many artifices must be practised, to procure admission for the most evident propositions into understandings frightened by their novelty, or hardened against them by accidental prejudice; it can scarcely be conceived, how frequently, in these extemporaneous controversies, the dull will be subtile, and the acute absurd; how often stupidity will elude the force of argument, by involving itself in its own gloom; and mistaken ingenuity will weave artful fallacies, which reason can scarcely find means to disentangle.

In these encounters the learning of the recluse usually fails him: nothing b long habit and frequent experiments c confer the power of changing a positi into various forms, presenting it in d ferent points of view, connecting it wi known and granted truths, fortifying with intelligible arguments, and illustr ing it by apt similitudes; and he, ther fore, that has collected his knowledge solitude, must learn its application b mixing with mankind.

But while the various opportunities conversation invite us to try every mo of argument, and every art of recon mending our sentiments, we are fr quently betrayed to the use of such are not in themselves strictly defensibl a man heated in talk, and eager of vict ry, takes advantage of the mistakes ignorance of his adversary, lays hold concessions to which he knows he has r right, and urges proofs likely to preva on his opponent, though he knows him self that they have no force: thus the s verity of reason is relaxed, many topi are accumulated, but without just arrang ment or distinction; we learn to satis ourselves with such ratiocination as s lences others: and seldom recal to a clo examination, that discourse which h gratified our vanity with victory and a plause.

Some caution, therefore, must be use lest copiousness and facility be made le valuable by inaccuracy and confusion.- To fix the thoughts by writing, and sub ject them to frequent examinations an reviews, is the best method of enablin the mind to detect its own sophisms, an keep it on guard againt the fallacies whic it practices on others: in conversatio we naturally diffuse our thoughts, and i writing we contract them: method i the excellence of writing, and uncon straint the grace of conversation.

To read, write, and converse in du proportion, is therefore, the business o a man of letters. For all these there i not often equal opportunity; excellence is not often attainable; and most me fail in one or other of the ends proposed and are full without readiness, or read without exactness. Some deficienc must be forgiven all, because all ar men; and more must be allowed to pas uncensured in the greater part of th world, because none can confer upo himself abilities, and few have the choic of situations proper for the improvemen of those which nature has bestowed: i is, however, reasonable, to have perfec tion in our eye; that we may always ad

vance towards it, though we know it never can be reached.

[*Adventurer.*]

THE COMFORTS OF RELIGION.

Oh! blest religion! heavenly fair!
Thy kind, thy healing power,
Can sweeten pain, and soften care,
And gild each gloomy hour.

When dismal thoughts, and boding fears,
The trembling heart invade;
And all the face of nature wears
An universal shade;

Thy sacred dictates can assuage
The tempest of the soul;
And every fear shall lose its rage
At thy divine controul.

Thro' life's bewilder'd darksome way
Thy hand unerring leads;
And o'er the path thy heavenly ray
A cheering lustre sheds.

When feeble reason, tried and blind,
Sinks helpless and afraid;
Thou *best* supporter of the mind,
How powerful is thy aid!

Oh! let my heart confess thy power,
And find thy sweet relief;
To brighten every gloomy hour,
And soften every grief!

ANECDOTE.

Sheridan, in his life of Swift, relates the following anecdote:—

Once when he was in the country, he received intelligence that there was to be a beggar's wedding in the neighbourhood. He resolved not to miss the opportunity of seeing so curious a ceremony; and that he might enjoy the whole completely, proposed to Dr. Sheridan that he should go thither, disguised as a blind fidler, with a bandage over his eyes, and he would attend him as his man to lead him. Thus accoutered, they reached the scene of action, where the blind fidler was received with joyful shouts.—They had plenty of meat and drink, and plied the fidler and his man with more than was agreeable to them. Never was a more joyous wedding seen. They sung, they danced, told their stories, cracked jokes, &c. in a vein of humour more entertaining to their two guests, than they probably would have found in any other meeting on the like occasion. When they were about to depart, they pulled out their leather pouches, and rewarded the fidler very handsomely. The next day the Dean and the Doctor walked out in their usual dress, and found their companions of the preceding evening scattered about in different parts of the road and the neighbouring village, all begging their charity in doleful strains, and telling dismal stories of their distress.—Among these they found many upon crutches, who had danced very nimbly at the wedding; others stone blind, who had been perfectly clearsighted at the feast. The Doctor distributed among them the money which he had received as his pay; but the Dean, who mortally hated those sturdy vagrants, rated them soundly: told them in what manner he had been present at the wedding, and was let into their roguery, and assured them, if they did not immediately apply to honest labour, he would have them taken up and sent to goal.—Whereupon the lame once more recovered their legs, and the blind their eyes, so as to make a very precipitate retreat.

PERSEVERANCE.

All the performances of human art, at which we look with praise or wonder, are instances of the resistless force of perseverance. It is by this that the quarry becomes a pyramid, and distant countries are united by canals. If a man were to compare the effects of a single stroke of the pick-ax, or of one impression of a spade, with the general design and last result, he would be overwhelmed with a sense of their disproportion. Yet these petty operations incessantly continued, in time surmount the greatest difficulties, and mountains are levelled and oceans bounded by the slender force of human beings. It is therefore of the utmost importance to those who have any intentions of deviating from the beaten roads of life, and of acquiring a reputation superior to a name, hourly swept away by time among the refuse of fame, should add to their reason and their spirit the power of persisting in their purposes, and acquire the art of sapping what they cannot batter, and the habit of vanquishing obstinate resistance by obstinate attacks.

DR. JOHNSON.

The author of Howard's life mentions the following Anecdote of him, which if parents would practise, it would perhaps be of use.

His child one day, wanting something which he was not to have, fell into a fit of crying, which the nurse could not pacify. Mr. Howard took him from her, and laid him quietly in his lap, till, fatigued with crying, he became still.—This process a few times repeated, had such an effect, that the child if crying ever so violently, was rendered quiet the instant his father took him. In a similar manner, without harsh words and threats, still less blows, he gained every other point which he thought necessary to gain, and brought the child to such a habit of obedience, that I have heard him say, he believed his son would have put his finger into the fire if he had commanded him.

A gentleman who had been commissioned by his wife to make a purchase for her at a milliner's, being accosted by a friend on his return, begged to be excused from stopping, as he had bought a bonnet for his wife, "and was afraid *the fashion might change before he got home.*"

[*N. E. Pallad.*]

SUMMARY OF INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.—By a late arrival, intelligence has been received of a most obstinate and bloody battle having taken place between the French and Austrians, in which the latter made a long and vigorous resistance—and that the battle lasted the greater part of the day.—Victory, however, at length decided in favor of the French, and the Austrians were completely defeated—the whole line of the Iller was forced—Ulm and its magazines, cannon and baggage taken—and General Mack with the whole of his staff made prisoners. The loss in killed and wounded was immense on the side of the Austrians—it was immense, too, no doubt, on the part of the French. None of the names of the killed or wounded officers have yet transpired, but those who survived the battle were captured or dispersed; the whole of the Austrian army is represented as being nearly destroyed; not a vestige of what might be deemed one efficient corps remained; those who escaped the sword or the chains of the enemy, all who were not among the number of the killed, wounded, or prisoners, were broken into puny detachments, and scattered in various directions.

Capt. Stanton, in the fast sailing ship Neptune, arrived at New-York in 35 days from Liverpool, is the bearer of the following important news, taken from London papers.

LONDON, Nov. 7.—To the official details of the destruction of the combined fleets, we are enabled to add some interesting particulars which occurred before and during the action, and some circumstances relative to our immortal Nelson. When Lord Nelson found that, by his skilful manœuvres, he had placed the enemy in such a situation, that they could not avoid an engagement,

he diſplayed the utmoſt animation, and his uſual confidence of victory; he ſaid to captain Hardy, and the other officers who ſurrounded him on the quarter-deck, "now they cannot eſcape us; I think we ſhall at leaſt make ſure of twenty of them. I ſhall probably loſe a leg, but that will be purchaſing a victory cheaply." The Victory, his Lordſhip's ſhip being laſhed to the Santiſſima Trinidad, his Lordſhip was entirely expoſed, as well to the fire of the cannon as the muſquetry from the tops, from which a conſtant fire was kept up. He wore the inſigna of the Bath, of the Creſcent, and of the other Orders, the honorable rewards of the glorious exploits which he had atchieved. So ſplendid a mark could not fail to attract the notice of the enemy, and Capt. Hardy, alarmed for his ſafety, repeatedly entreated him, from the commencement of the action to change his coat; but his mind was too much occupied with the ſcene to think of perſonal danger About the middle of the action his Lordſhip's ſecretary was killed at his ſide; and ſhortly after, a muſket ball, fired from the tops of the Santiſſima Trinidad, grazed his Lordſhip's ſhoulder, and, entering his left breaſt, paſſed through his lungs. The Hero inſtantly fell. He was immediately carried below, and the ſurgeon pronounced the wound mortal. His Lorſhip lived about an hour, during the whole of which time he remained perfectly collected, and diſplayed the ſame heroic magnanimity in the arms of death, that had marked his conduct in every action of his glorious life! A few minutes before he expired, he ordered capt. Hardy to be called to him; when the captain came, he aſked how many of the enemy's ſhips had ſtruck? the captain anſwered, that as nearly as he could aſcertain, fifteen ſail of the line had ſtruck their colours. His Lordſhip then, with that fervent piety which as ſtrongly marked his character, as ſkill and courage, returned thanks to the Almighty; then turning to captain Hardy, he ſaid, "I know I am dying. I could have wiſhed to ſurvive to breathe my laſt upon Britiſh ground; but the will of God be done!" In a few moments he expired!!! The laſt ſignal Lord Nelſon made was ſuch as cannot, and never will be forgot—it was by telegraphe—"That England expected every man would do his duty."

Thus died, in the 48th year of his age, the greateſt commander that ever adorned the Britiſh navy, leaving behind him—*clarum et venerabile nomen gentibus*, name dear to Great-Britan, and an example of heroiſm that will inſpire his gallant companions in arms to emulate his virtues, and live in the reſemblance of a grateful poſterity.

It may excite ſome ſurpriſe that the combined fleet, though ſo much ſuperior in number, ſhould venture to meet a fleet, commanded by Lord Nelſon, from whom they had fled over one half of the globe, panic ſtruck at his name, when he had only eleven ſail of the line. We underſtand that the ſcarcity of proviſions rendered it impoſſible for them to ſtay much longer in Cadiz. Orders were given to Villeneuve, that he muſt riſk an action, ſhould he perceive any material diminution of the Engliſh fleet.—From a private letter, tranſmitted ſome time ago, from his lordſhip, it appeared that he had intelligence of theſe orders, and formed his plan accordingly. When his lordſhip diſpatched Admiral Louis, in the beginning of laſt month for proviſion and water to Tetuan, with ſeven ſail of the line and ſome frigates, he expected of courſe, that the French Admiral would come out to give him battle. He then communicated his plan of attack to all his captains, who anſwered, unanimouſly, that this plan was ſo wiſely concerted, it muſt ſucceed; and they would all pledge their lives for the reſult. His lordſhip, on receiving this anſwer, declared it was one of the happieſt circumſtances of his life.

The number of killed and wounded will probably prove to be above 1000. The Victory is ſaid to have loſt 150 men.

Admiral Collingwood is appointed commander in the Mediterranean, with the ſame powers Lord Nelſon had. Several ſhips have ſailed to reinforce that fleet.

The junction of the Pruſſians with the Ruſſians, is fully confirmed by the Dutch Journal of the 4th inſt.

By accounts from London it appears that a treaty of alliance had been formed between Great Britain and the King of Pruſſia.

The intelligence from Berlin ſtates that the political ſyſtem of the Pruſſian cabinet has undergone a complete change in the courſe of the laſt month. Inſtead of placing her immenſe armies upon the war eſtabliſhment merely to reſiſt the paſſage of a foreign force through her territories, and maintain her neutrality, Pruſſia has conceded full liberty of tranſmit to the Ruſſian forces, and is marching her armies to Franconia, to the Banks of the Rhine, and to the borders of the Batavian republic. Three armies, amounting in the whole to 150,000 men, are actually on their march for the different points we have mentioned. A fourth army, of immenſe force, is aſſembling at Branbenburg, to ſupport the three firſt; 24,000 Saxons, and 20,000 Heſſians, are to be united to the armies on their march to Franconia and Weſtphalia.

The following intereſting intelligence, (ſays the New-York Commercial Advertiſer of the 16th inſt.) we have received from a reſpectable gentleman, who arrived here on Saturday evening, in 41 days from Bordeaux. The day before this gentleman ſailed, private letters from Paris were received at Bordeaux, announcing, that (a few days ſubſequent to the capitulation of Ulm, and the capture of Gen. Mack and his troops,) the Ruſſian army, having proceeded by forced marches, came up with the columns under the command of Prince Murat and Marſhall Bernadotte—that a ſevere action enſued—that Murat and Bernadotte were both killed; 22 General Officers either killed, ſeverely wounded, or taken priſoners; and the whole of the French troops defeated with immenſe ſlaughter.—Such was the information received at Bordeaux, and believed by the beſt informed gentlemen of that place.

The intelligence produced an immediate and conſiderable effect on the funds at Bordeaux.

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Domestic.—The Legiſlature of North Carolina, have elected Dr. Nathaniel Alexander, Governor of that ſtate.

Twenty-three Indian Chiefs, from different tribes, paſſed through Georgetown, Virginia, on the 10th inſt. on a viſit to the Preſident of the United States.

Congress.—On the 9th instant the house went into a committee of the whole on the third reading of a bill, prohibiting for a certain time, the exportation of arms and ammunition out of the United States.

A meſſage was next day received from the Preſident, relative to documents reſpecting ſpoliations and aggreſſions, &c.

The firſt document related to detenſions, &c. in New Orleans.

2d. To the adverſe conduct of Spain, in various inſtances in Louiſiana.

3d. To robberies committed by Spaniards on the citizens of the United States in Louiſiana, and within the lines of the territory ceded by France.

4th. To the obſtruction of our commerce on the river Mobile. Referred to a ſelect committee.

A letter from the Iſle of France, mentions 40 ſail of American veſſels being embargoed at that place.

Interments in the different burial grounds of the city and liberties of Philadelphia, for the week ending the 14th inſt. Adults 17—Children 6—Total 23.

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